

S i r e n



Christmass
1938



Christmas Greetings
From

OUR PRINCIPAL

This is the season of the year when, by the exchange of greetings and gifts, we all give expression to feelings of good-will and friendship. It is also the season when we look back over the old year and review our successes and failures. It is not expected, of course, that students will give much attention to their studies during the holidays, but during the last week of 1938, let each one ask himself, or herself, this question "Am I making the best possible use of the opportunities afforded me at Chrescent Heights High School to develop me personality and character, so that I will become the kind of person I hope some day to be."

On behalf of the Staff, may I express to you all our best wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

J.W. Hutchison
Greetings from the President
of the Students Council

Christmastime - the time of good-will, cheer, and abundance; the time when books are cast into dark corners and forgotten for nine glorious days; the time when festivities continue far into the night and harrowed parents pray for the re-opening of school. Christmastime - when teachers remember they were young themselves once and fail to give hours of study to over-worked students; when school-rooms are deserted and skating-rinks crowded. Yes, Sir! "Christmas comes but once a year" - make the best of yours. On behalf of the Student's Council I take this opportunity, through the generous medium of the Siren, of wishing you all a very Merry Christmas and the Happiest of Happy New Years.

Ben MacLennan.

EDITORIALS

CRESCEENT SIREN.

Published by the the students of Cres-
cent Heights High School, Calgary, Alta.
Dec. 23rd. 1938.

RESOLUTIONS

About this time of the year, everyone is making New Year's Resolutions. Here are a few suggestions which it would be well for all of us to adopt. If only one is kept it will be an excellent step in the developing of character.

Resolved- that we will do our own work, not copy home work or take a peek at the other fellow's paper during an exam.

Resolve- that we will do our best so that if we do not make a very high mark, our conscience will be clear with the knowledge that we tried hard.

Resolve- that we will remember we come to school to learn and not to fool around all day.

Resolve- that we will try to appreciate other peoples view points and listen to them with tolerance and understanding.

Resolve- that we will be polite and remember that pushing and crowding to get out of a room in a hurry, will not help very much; it may lead to a serious accident.

Resolve- to be at each period on time. The break between periods was lengthened for this express reason.

Resolve- that happiness and generosity are not meant for the Christmas season alone; a cheery disposition is for the duration of 1939-- and after that.

What a long list. Let us try to remember one-- the last one, preferably.

CONTESTS

The Siren did not know that there was so much talent in the school. Students showed a high standard of work in all the contests. The judges had a very difficult time selecting the winning entries.

This was especially true in the cover contest. With the kind co-operation of Miss Davis, the siren received over one hundred entries. Imagine the difficulty of the judges. Every cover was excellent, each well deserving a prize. Two Siren staff representatives looked over all of the entries carefully and selected the best ones, from which Mrs. Hill chose the winning covers. They were judged with respect to artistic ability shown, suitability for a Christmas issue of a school paper, and adaptability of the design to the work of the Gestetner.

Now we know who are the students interested in the editing of a school paper. We might be asking them for contributions in the future.

Here are the winners.

Cover- 1. Jane Ellerton.

2. Ethyl Hanna.

Poetry- 1. Ken Study.

2. Addie Lowerie

3. Peter Kobewka.

Short Story- 1. Jack Shrimpton.

2. Ken Study.

3. Cecil Rhodes (?)

It would be very nice if the teachers of these students would give them credit for their excellent work.

We wish to thank the following teachers for their kindness and co-operation in judging the contests. Miss Hibbard, Miss Beveridge, Mr. Laurie, Miss Davis, Mrs. Hill, Miss McKellar, Miss Wylié.

The Girl's Association, The Bugle, The Dramatic Society, and the Boy's Hi-Y have all kindly donated prizes for these last contests. We hope that you will support these clubs.

MERRY
XMAS

WINNING

POEMS

1st PRIZE:

DEDICATED TO CRESCENT

Loyal students gather near
And list to tales of Crescent dear
Of champs that were, and champs to
be,
Who wear the Red and Blue you see.

We've had the best ones in their
prime,
Who were the heroes of the time;
They ran, they kicked, they passed,
they scored,
Cheered on be all the student board.

And still today does this hold true,
We need each student, you and you;
Though rugby's over, hockey's here,
So don't forget, "Turn out and
Cheer!"

Ken Study. B. B.

2nd PRIZE:

I dedicate this lay
While Crescents proudly say
"When we played Central High
We sent them on the fly."
When Bill Speck kicked that pill
He surely brought them ill;
When Morris bucked the line
In style that's mighty fine,
And Cardiff took the ball
The game was ours, that's all.
Beside these heroes three
It's very plain to see
That every senior boy
Is Crescents pride and joy.
They played the game so well
They made the school fans yell
So much that they were hoarse
For days; and that of course
Just goes to prove to you, . . .
What Crescent Heights will do
Next year. So courage men
You'll turn the tables when
All decked in Red and Blue
You teach a thing or two
To every rugby crew
That tries opposing you.
I really didn't intend
To write so much. The end.

Adel Laurie

3rd PRIZE:

LAMENT OF A WOULD-BE POET

When all you studies of Crescent
High do sit
To pen your thoughts in answer to
the call,
Are you like I, for subject's sake
unfit,
And call upon the Muse to spur the
scrawl?
Or do your lines with graceful ease
pursue
The Goal for which you aim and hope
to gain;
That very One I also wish to woo?
But what with wretched pen I feebly
feign
To scribble down what I remember not
What chance hold I to win that
goodly bit
For which the best of Crescent's bards do trot?
The Muse Herself hath lost her fancy's wit
And helps me not to strike a note
that's true,
So I take leave, ere I with Her go
too!
Peter Kobewka

4th PRIZE:

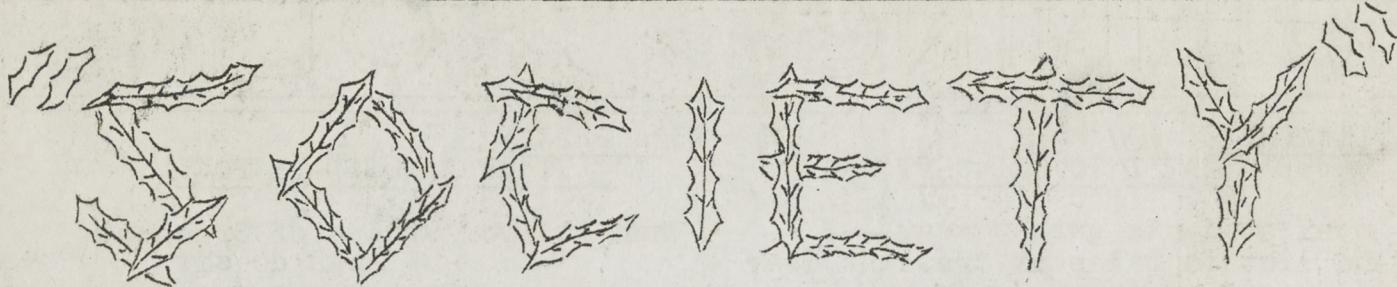
Way back a million years ago
The men wore clothes of skin
Because their women knew not how
To stitch, or knit, or spin.

When men were lonely and desired
To take their lady fair
They boldly stalked up to her cave
And grabbed her by the hair.

To make a fire they knew not how
Until the Old Stone Age.
They then learned that by rubbing
sticks
They could burn trees and sage.

When thinking back o'er by gone
days
We laugh and even sneer
But those were days when Men were
Men
And nothing did they fear.

Lenore Sunderland



BUGLE DANCE ON 23RD!!!

The Dramatic Society's presentation of Anne of Green Gables on Dec 8 and 9, was enthusiastically received by large audiences. It was an outstanding performance in the history of Crescent Heights School. Nita Graham as Anne gave a very finished sympathetic characterization. Pat Priestley and Henry Duart as Marilla and Matthew Cuthbert handled these difficult roles splendidly. Other members of the cast who all turned in excellent performances were; Doris Crowe, Joan Griffiths, Leah Dolin, Margaret Gibson, Catherine Young, Zona Fairbairn, Neil McIver, Johnnie MacLaren, Doreen Binnie, Rory McLennan and Doris McCubbin. A great deal of credit must be given to Mr. Laurie for his hard work in making this play such a success.

The Dramatic Society wishes to thank members of the orchestra under Mr. Pickard, the stage hands under; Herb Carlson those who put up the chairs and makes the floor and the very able make-up men in their recent production of Anne of Green Gables.

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The Boy's Hi-Y has put the Christmas Card Campaign over in a big way. Representatives in each room gave very able service to students wishing to support this yearly activity.

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The Current History Club is planning to hold a social on Dec. 21. This club is now open to all grades and everyone in the school is welcome to join.

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The Boy's and Girl's Bible Study Groups have co-operated in getting up a hamper for a needy family at Christmas. This is a very praise watched gesture on the part of these two clubs in keeping with the Christmas spirit.

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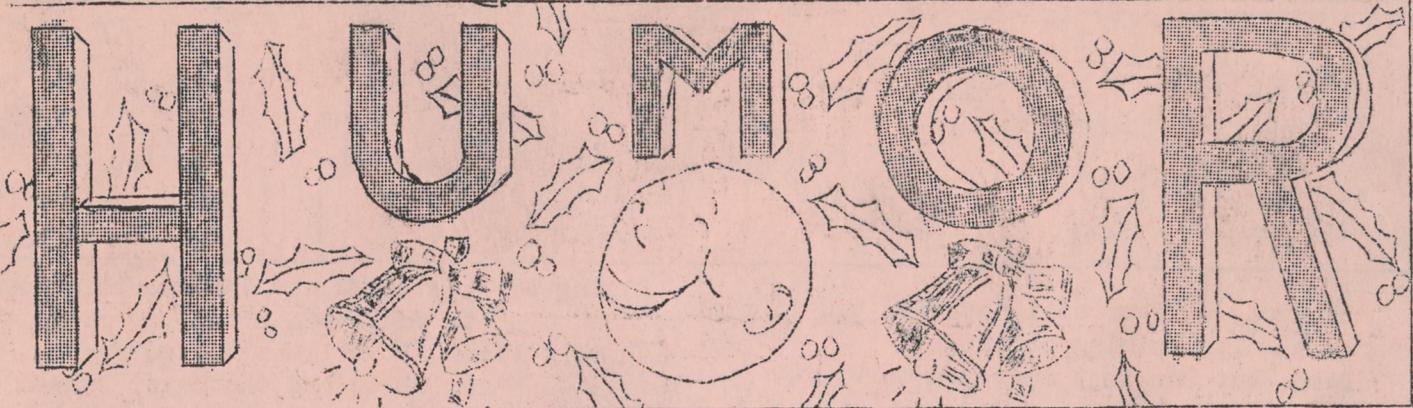
The Radio Club after starting on what seems to be a successful yr has commened to devote it's attention to aiding their members in writing examinations. This examination entitles them to operate Amateur Short Wave Experimental Stations such as the one owned and operated by the club under the government call letters of V E 4 Q N.

It was stated at one of the student body meetings that rugby has put C.H.C.I. on the map as far as Alberta goes but the Radio Club has made C.H.C.I. known all over Western Canada and the North Western States. Among the other Amatuer Stations worked in the past year, the most important are; Vancouver, Seattle, Wash., Grand Coulee, Wash., Westminster, B.C., We have also contacted V E H I T A, the Radio Club at the Institute of Technoncracy and Arts. The Radio Club at Western Canada H, and the Ogden Boy Scouts. The operators were; Bob Grant, Ron Ferric and Bill Stundem. Anyone who is wishing to become interested in this effective hobby is invited to attend the meetings every Friday at 4.00 p.m. in the Museum Room.

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MERRY CHRISTMAS AND BEST WISHES FOR THE NEW YEAR!

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Dear Studes:

We open our Humor Page today by reciting the 23rd. Psalm in the 1938 version.

The Ford

- 1 The Ford is my auto, shall not want another.
- 2 It maketh me to lie down underneath it and it leadeth me in the paths of much evil.
- 3 It destroyeth my temper; it leadeth me in the paths of destruction for it's cussedness sake.
- 4 Yeah, though we ride through the valleys, we are towed up the hillsides; thy knee action(?) and thy backfiring discomfort me.
- 5 It prepareth a breakdown for me in the presence of mine enemies.
- 6 Yeah I anointeth it's tires with patches; it's radiator runneth over.
- 7 Surely it shall follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the bug-house forever.



Found -- a five dollar bill -- Owner please fall in at end of line in Room 20 at noon.

(advt.)



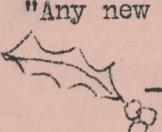
Teacher -- How did Joseph know that the men who came down to Egypt to buy corn were his brethren?

Ken Fraser -- Please teacher, he saw the name on the cart.



The doctor's little daughter watched her father testing her brother's lungs and heart. At last she asked:

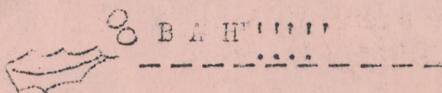
"Any new stations, daddy?"



Why I Sold My Radio (True Story)

----- "and bre'r Rabbit sez to Danny Skunk he sez" ----- "Just send your coupons and 25¢ today for your free balloon and whistle" ----- Wheeeeeeee ----- "This is your Texaco News Reporter, - Today Premier Aberhart ----- "Hanson is running with the ball -- no, wait a minute, I mean Rorvig ----- no, it's Hugsulavakitz ----- "Oh - yoo - lay - ee ----- Yoh - lay hee - hoo ooooooo -----" ----- dont forget the name --- Elmer's Chop Suey Joint --- 113- Gas-house Street ---", "----- just mee-hee and the man in the roo - hoön -----" ----- "----- Ladies and Gentlemen, Professor Rogcall-er will talk to you tonight on "How I Made Good" --- "and now the Sunshine Boys will present their swing version of "Sea Sick Blues" --- "And - ah - am --- elected I will --- zhh -----" ----- When in town visit our flourishing new crematorium --- he's up, he's down, he's up, he's down --- "Screm boys here comes the cops" --- Rat-at - at-tat - Outch they got me", sniff-sniff" So long -- pards" -----

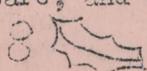
Who said a radio is an aid to mankind?



Miss Hibbard -- "Name five collective nouns." Frank Hall -- "Fly-paper, waste-basket, garbage can, tax collector, and Social Credit"

"Where can one find the old-fashioned girl today?" the question is occasionally asked.

The answer is, "We dont know, we dont care, and were not looking for her."



Some people are like electric fans. They go around in a circle, never get anywhere, and circulate a lot of hot air.





THESE'LL KILL TIME IF THEY DON'T KILL YOU!!



"They say a tiger will not harm you if you carry a white walking stick"

"Yeah, but how fast must you carry it?"



GUESS WHO!!

You ought to
Know him 'cause
he's C.H.C.I.e
PUBLIC ENEMY
No 1
at ALL C.H.C.I.
LITS!!!

The Humor Page wishes to thank the Scandal Page for its voluntary contribution of Humor (?) which was printed in the last Sirens Scandal column. We like to see neighborly co-operation like this from fellow Siren editors. So, we in turn are glad to be of assistance to the Scandal Page by printing a scandal item in the Humor Page (got it?). So far we have only been able to dig up one scandal item. It's terrible we will admit, but here goes:

"Why does Alf Carter look so washed out lately, as if he had been through a terrifying experience?"

Well here's the answer: "If you had been sitting up nights searching through a thousand books like Alf did, when he was looking for something he thought funny with which he could slam the Humor Page, why you'd be looking like a wreck too!!!

Seeing how you liked our last serial story, we are going to run another one, starting with this issue. It will be the current favorite, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs". As it is the custom, we will begin by giving you the list of characters.

First:

DOPEY-This guy was a dope who was about as dumb as Bill Swager and almost as bad looking -- if possible. The look on his face reminded you of a drink of water with the foam blown off.

His noodle was as shiny as the seat of my trousers. He couldn't say anything because if he could, he'd most likely say the wrong thing just like Swager.

GRUMPY-was an old grouch who looked as if somebody'd been using his razor to cut linoleum with. But the old buzzard was wise though, because he knew better than to have anything to do with women.

SNEEZY-This gink was good at finding the right time to sneeze at the wrong moment. When he sneezed he made a tornado look like a feeble draft that we usually see coming out of Alf Carter's Saxaphone. However we don't blame Sneezy for having hayfever with those other six hayseeds around.

DOC-was a wise old fogey who reminds us of our teachers because there were lots of things he didn't know but tried to look as if he did. He was the brains of this hillbilly mob, that is why they were so dumb.

BAZBOL-was a guy just the opposite to Bob Gray. When Snow White spoke to him he gave Miss Davis an excellent exhibition of the many colors that both rainbows and blushes can consist of.

HAPPY-was a fat old coon who was just bubbling over with mirth. He is an example of what happens to little boys who shirk their daily dozen in the P.T. classes.

SLEEPY-would make a perfect bed mate for Gorden Len. The effects of his excellent technique (sleeping of course) has been noticed on many C.H.C.I. students who can give a darn good imitation of Sleepy at any time.

THE OLD QUEEN-was a mean old wench who thought she had the goods on Snow White for looks. She should (continued on next page)

In our opinion, the bitterest woman in the world was the woman in Chicago who, when attempting to collect alimony recently, was offered the family burial plot as payment, by her distressed husband. But she refused settlement unless her husband was in it.

TRY TO LAUGH ANYWAY--

(Snow White cont'd)

have joined our Booster Club to learn how to be a good loser. However we are glad to say that she finally got "hers".

Last but not least-SNOW WHITE-This Jane had them all licked. If you don't believe she was some hot number just ask one of the dwarfs. Boy-she's a cinch for looks to clean up all the beauty contests-No kidding! Kinda' popular too she was. Had 7 guys on the string, but she ditched them all to make or break with a young prince that was about even with yours truly for good looks.

(to be continued)

"From the religious point of view, the Ford is the best car to ride in, because it shakes the d---l out of you."

Wanna buy a newspaper?

"May I print a kiss upon your lips?" I asked,

She nodded her sweet permission.

So we went to press

And I rather guess

We printed a large edition.

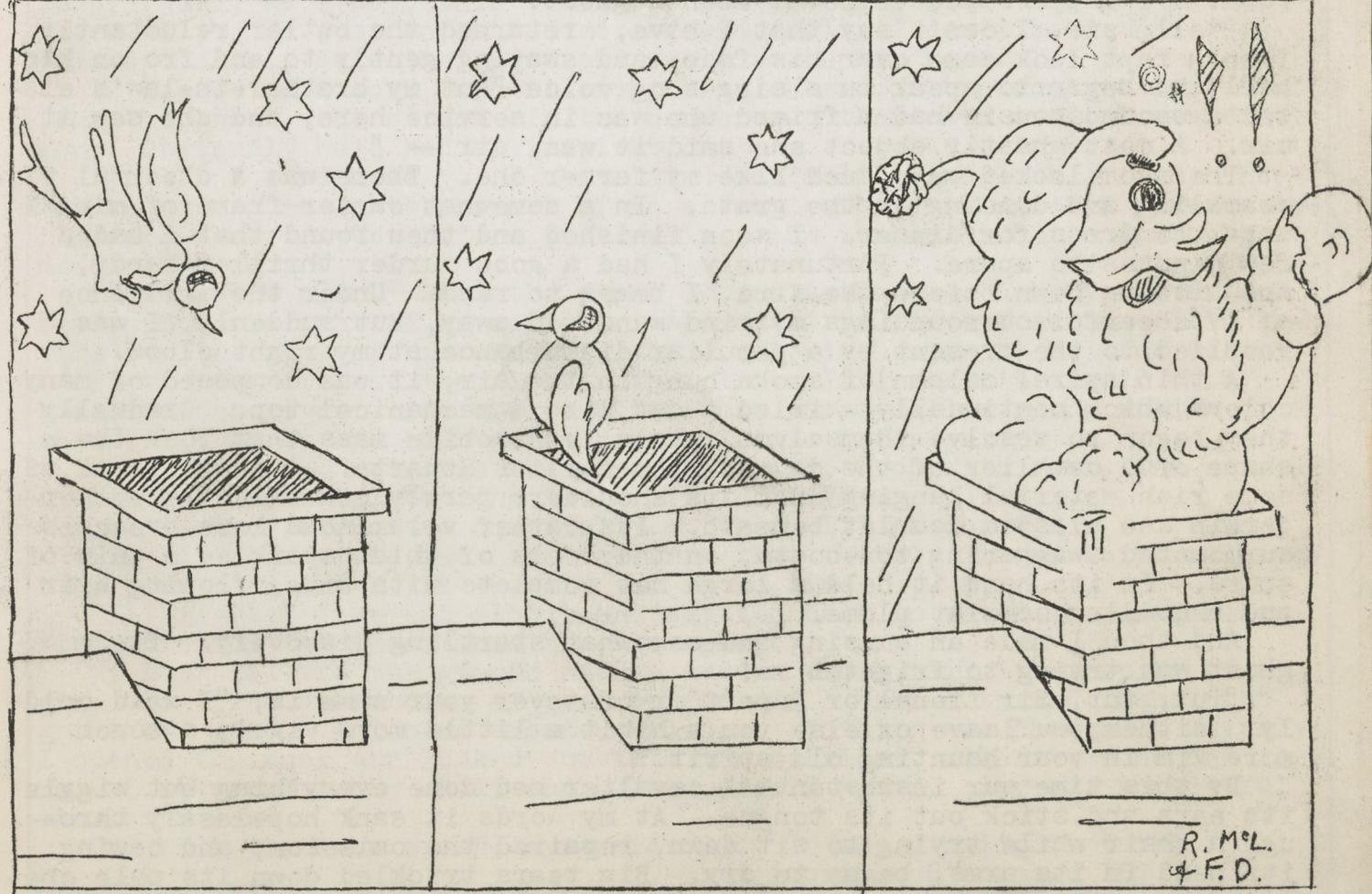
"One edition is hardly enough,"

She said with a charming pout;
So again on the press the kiss was laid
And we got some extras out.

How It Started --

A Sultan at war with his harem
Thought of a way he could scare 'em;
He caught a live mouse
Which he freed in the house
Thus starting the first harum-scarum.

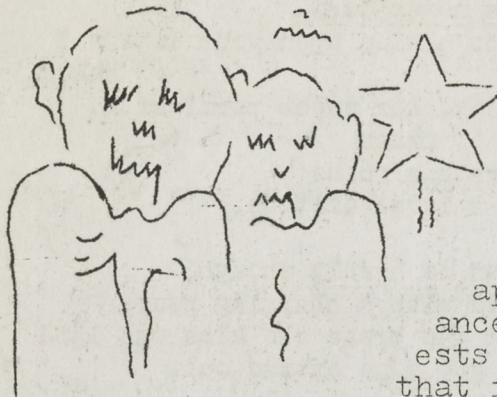
"MERRY CHRISTMAS."



THE TWO GHOSTS

By Jack Shrimpton

WINNER OF SIREN CONTEST



One or two years back I accepted the invitation of a friend to spend Christmas at his country home. It was a rambling old Elizabethan mansion with a genuine ghost-room, in which it was said there appeared at Xmas the spirit of David Halliday, ancestor of my host. There were several other guests and altogether we made quite a jolly party, that is except for a fellow named Jenkins. This Jenkins is one of the sneering type that irks, and moreover, he is not above playing silly practical jokes.

Altogether not the fellow for a genial house-party. Being Christmas Eve the subject of ghosts was brought up, and I expressed in no uncertain terms my disbelief in them. Consequently this Jenkins dared me to sleep in the ghost-room that night and, naturally enough, I agreed.

Soon after, it being time to dress for dinner, we broke up. I was conducted to my new room by a fat butler with a white flabby face.

"I suppose," I remarked carelessly, pausing on the threshold of the room. "I suppose you've never seen a ghost."

"Well, sir, I can't say that I have," returned the butler reluctantly. Then a rapt look came over his face, and swaying gently to and fro on his heel, he began to speak in a sing-song voice "But my brother-in-law's sister's second cousin had a friend who was in service here, and she saw it, sir. A most ghastly object she said it was, sir — "

The room looked very much like my former one. There was a cheerful fire crackling and dancing in the grate. In a somewhat easier frame of mind I began to dress for dinner. I soon finished and then found that I had a few minutes to spare. Fortunately I had a good murder thriller handy, and sitting down before the fire, I began to read. Under the influence of my cheerful surroundings my mind wandered away, but suddenly, I was recalled to the present by a peculiar disturbance at my right elbow.

A thin spiral column of smoke hung in the air, it was composed of many colors which continually whirled about like a mechanical top. Gradually they began to resolve themselves into a less mobile mass that took the shape of a cavalier of the days of the earlier Stuarts. A short cloak of some rich material hanging from its shoulders partly concealed a leather-jerkin and slashed doublet beneath. Its rather voluminous knee-breeches surmounted swaggering top-boots, on the heels of which sparkled a pair of spurs. In its hand it held a large hat complete with wide, flowing brim and a nodding scarlet plume.

And then I made an amusing and somewhat startling discovery. The ghost was trying to frighten me!

"Tut, tut, Sir Lionel or Rupert or whatever your name is, "I said coldly, "either you leave or else you exhibit a little more vigor, a touch more vim in your haunting old spirit."

By this time our insubstantial cavalier had done everything but wiggle its ears and stick out its tongue. At my words it sank hopelessly through a chair while trying to sit down, repaired the omission, and bowing its head in its arms, began to dry. Big tears trickled down its pale che-

eksand splashed on the floor. I don't know if you have ever seen a ghost's tears - like snow-flakes in a dream, if you will forgive me the simile.

The ghost sat up, and regarded me with an intensely lugubrious expression.

"Here, here," I said. "Now this sort of thing wont do. Cheer up, old wraith. With a little practise you'll pass in the dark."

The ghost burst into tears again.

"Come, come, old spirit," I gently reproved him, "I don't suppose you've been at it long. You'll improve in time, as you mature you might say."

Then I broke off for the ghost was staring stonily at me. There was a nasty gimlet expression in his eye.

"Sirrah," he said stiffly, "I have been at mine game of haunting for full three hundred summers, forsooth."

"What about the winters," I said feebly.

The ghost sat down again. Forgetting himself he shot negligently through a chair and half-way through the floor, before recovering his balance. I could not help wondering if there were any more in the room below.

"A hundred, even fifty years ago," began the ghost mournfully, "one look at me would send strong men into fits, but now -" He shook his head mournfully again and continued "We old fellows don't mind so much. We hardened old campaigners can take it. It's the young fellows that are cut up so much by this twentieth century callousness. For instance there's a young chap named David Halliday" (I pricked up my ears at this mention of my host's ancestor, and remembered that it was he who was supposed to haunt this room) "He's only two hundred and eighteen and has just been out haunting again lately after a confinement of ninety-five years. He had to have a major operation - his right calf showed up more clearly than his left. Well, as I say, this twentieth century cynicalism has cut him up dreadfully. He just mopes and mopes, and really I don't know what's to become of him," said the ghost and sadly shook his head.

We lapsed once more into silence, a silence soon broken by a soft "Ah!" from the ghost. He struck his two hands together with evident satisfaction. Obviously he'd had an inspiration.

"Well?" I said coldly. I certainly didn't like the look of him. He was regarding me in the manner of an entomologist looking at a particularly rare insect, just before getting in a low tackle with the dissecting needle.

"I've got a plan," said the ghost enthusiastically. My young friend has said to me that if he could frighten a mortal just once more he'd re-ire for the rest of his unnatural days. You're going to be that mortal.

I at once detected the flaw in the plan. If I weren't afraid of a hardened campaigner like the cavalier, how was a callow young fellow of a mere two hundred and eighteen years, going to frighten me?

"Ah, you see," returned the ghost brightly, "you with your fine natural dramatic talent will pretend to be afraid. Eh?"

"Ye - es," I assented doubtfully. "When will he come?"

"Oh, I'll just nip back and tell him that there's ground worth cultivating down here and he'll be with you in no time."

"All right," I agreed slowly and settled back to watch the gradual assimilation of the ghost into the atmosphere.

My book fell to the ground with a sudden crash, like the report of a gun, and I sat up rubbing my eyes confusedly. When I turned round, the ghost had gone. I looked around the room. Nothing was changed. Quickly I opened the door and looked out into the corridor. There was no one there. I returned to my chair and seated myself again. Several uneventful minutes passed.

Suddenly the door opened mysteriously. In the dim light of the fire,

(continued on page 15)

Andy Robson, we do declare
Has claimed Nancy Clark from toe to hair.

Alba Swanberg, she must admit
With Norman Hollies has made a hit.

Bert Paxton with his smile
Gives Eva Lee thrills all the while.

To see Gwen Reeves making eyes
At Gareth MacGregor is a surprise.

Maureen Byrne has a Crescent pin
And Alf Cassidy was the cause of the win.

Don Foster has no homework done
For with Ev. Craig he has too much fun.

Agnes Gillespie we did see
Out with Jack Hayes at a jamboree.

Larry Cotrall simply denies
That with Betty Copley he was making eyes.

Ted Semmens, we understand
Has stolen away Addie Ireland.

Fred Stinton is at no loss
When he's out with the pirt Elaine Ross.

George Walton and Frances D.
Would make a good pair, yes siree!

Hugh Shantz is sure pirt
With Lorraine Gipson, the little flirt.

Art Turner is the big talk
With Ev. Munch he did the Lambeth Walk.

Jack Cawsey with his tie
Is enough to make the most of us die.

Siren and Scandal we hereby call,
To wish a Merry Christmas to you all.



MERRY
XMAS



Greetings and stuff studes, are you ready?
And I do mean you.

Cupids Triangle--- We all know tat (pardon please) Jack Cawsey had a date with Florence Mc.Neil to go to the Great Rugby Dance with no questions asked. But did you know that Flo broke the date to go out with Jack Wittup ? Heres the pay-off--- Flo stood up Wittup so he and Cawsey were both stag on Friday night.

This dept. has tried for a long time to get something on Herb Carlson, and at last our efforts have been rewarded. Sure 'nuff the inimitable Carlson has got a crush on Betty Woolly. Huhwow you should see Herb at Students Council.

Cupids Couplet -- The newest romance in C. H.C.I. is betwwen sliver sucker Les Russel & brunette Dot Taylor. She sure gets around, yes sir And my oh my.

N.B. - Wilf and Wilda went one whole day without a fight. (It wasn't D. Morgans fault thoogh.)

Malc Stevens is sure making a wow of a play for Nattie Reed. Attaboy Malc that's what we like to see.

We hear that a girl by the name of Mary Tusky has got all the boy's hearts dōing the Lamb Chop Walk, when she turns those big brown eyes of hers on them.

Another Social Studies pair that have a lot of fun in class are Alec Seawright and Dorothy Holman.

Larry Wier emphatically denies having any interest in Audrey Jones---- Thats a sure sign you know Larry ----.

Another of Crescent's budding romances are between Bill Millar and -- Maureen Byrne. Whats the mater with Winnie, Bill old fellow ?

Jean Wilson certainly must like skating. She goes semen nights a week, (joke) with a certain C.A. from Western. Now listen Miss Wilson there are lots of fellows at Crescent who like to skate.

Well Studes I guess that winds it up for this Christmas Edition of the Siren. This dept. extends a sincere wish that everyone has -----

A MERRY XMAS AND A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR.

--- PHYSICAL EDUCATION -

Considerable interest is being shown regarding the new type of work being done in the Physical Education courses now being offered in Calgary schools. In order that a better appreciation of this new departure in P. E. may be achieved the following references are submitted.

The newer type of exercises more properly known as gymnastics are based upon the findings of Scandinavian experts. All the movements are rhythmic and have a close association with music. The purpose of the gymnastics is to promote health, strength, flexibility and agility. Out of this naturally grows a finer mental, physical and moral tone, in short a happier individual as well as a healthier individual is created. The enthusiasm of the groups doing the work speaks for itself in this regard.

The gymnastic exercise or "fundamentals" are so arranged as to duplicate the movements of everyday life as nearly as possible. Every part of the body is called into play as one set of muscles after another is brought into activity. There is nothing stiff or restrained, nor is the work strenuous. The effect may be described as "pleasantly exhilarating."

In addition to the fundamental gymnastics there are special activities such as tumbling, vaulting, passive exercise (where one person manipulates the other to achieve more effective results) stall-bar work and group games. The whole seems to present a well-rounded programme which should place P. E. in the position which it should rightfully hold.

The above article was written for the Siren by Mr. Steckle, ~~teacher~~ of P. E. in this school.

The Siren wishes to thank Mr. Steckle for this enlightening article.

MORE HONORS FOR ATHLETES

The Boys' Athletic Association and the Student's Council have inaugurated a new scheme as to honors for Interscholastic Athletic ability and Literary talent in the school.

ON BEHALF OF THE BOY'S ATHLETIC

The system of giving crests to Athletic teams which has been practiced since this school was built will still be in effect. Instead of Championship Pins they are offering a special crest called a "LETTER", which will be allotted to those boys, "lettermen", who attain the required quota of points. Points will be given for taking part in any Interscholastic Sport or for assisting Athletics in certain specified ways.

ON BEHALF OF THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL

The Students Council are giving a letter to those who attain the required number of points by being featured in various entertainments sponsored by the school, also for other literary and executive ability featured in the social life of our school.

Students who are graduating this year will be given credit for their contributions in the past.

The required quota of points for a letter has not been worked as yet but will be in effect this year.

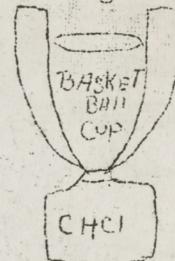
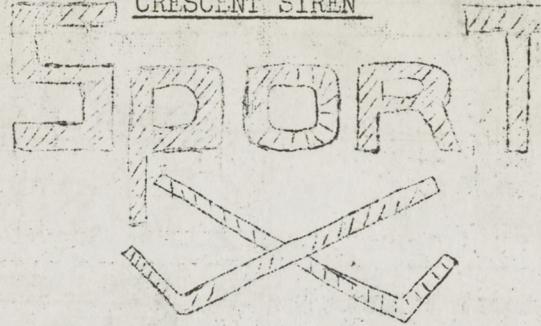
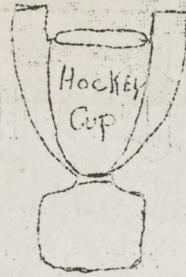
DON'T FORGET

Everybody is
Coming to the
"Bugle" Dance
Friday Night

Dec. 20, 1938.

CRESCENT SIREN

Page 13.



ROUNDUP

HOCKEY VIEWPOINT

by
Bill

In recent years Hockey in the schools of Calgary "has gone to the dogs!" This year under the able tutorship of Mr. Steckle hockey is again being reborn. Crescent has great players in Bill Speck, Bert. Paxton, Dave Adams, Dick Swartz and innumerable others. With a combination of good coaching and fine players We, " Crescent Heights " ought to carry off the cup.

We have the players, the coach but have we the support of the school? If there can be a turn out of seven hundred to a foot, ball game; why not to a hockey game? If again the Booster Club backs hockey as they say they will with "Pep Talks" Pretty Cheer-leaders, and the School Band, hockey is assured of success. Herb. Carlson and his gang have taken on a tough job, but from this corner we wish the Booster Club all the success in the world.

CASH NEEDED

Basketball is a losing proposition so why not put it on a paying basis. This is a serious question. The Boy's Athletic must have basketballs, and uniforms to outfit the team and in so doing pay out from their even dwindling resources. If a five cent admission was charged basketball would turn from a losing proposition to a high paying one. Aggin with the Booster Club large turnouts are expected which would greatly bolster our empty coffers.

LETTERS -

to
The Editor

This column has been arranged so that any student can express his or her views on subjects of school interest. All contributions will be printed, provided they are well written, and on topics interesting to the whole school. These letters are not necessarily the views of the Siren Staff.

GREATER POWERS WANTED:

Spotts Editor, The Siren.

In this letter to the Siren I hope to start something that may help to improve the different sports, clubs, associations, and activities of the school.

Here are some of the things I want to know. Why doesn't the executive of the Boy's Athletic print where every member can see a financial statement of this association. I suggest that they present at the end of each sport season a report stating; amount on hand at the beggining of the season; amount taken in; the amount spent, and also the balance remaining.

I also feel that the Boy's Athletic should call meetings of all members to decide certain issues. We have a very efficient executive, but credit should also be given to the ordinary member who may forward some very good ideas.

I would also like the executive to find out; who sets the percentage on various sports? Why? Can it be changed? If not why not? I would at least like to know about it. A. Student.

P.S. Answers to this question if handed in will be printed in the next issue.

SPORT FLASHES

GUEST WRITER - BOB MAMINI -

"Why is it high school football gets such a play in the public prints of our town?" asks a close follower of sports who labors under the impression there is a heap of over-emphasis to the gridiron. "Is it because the football season comes along when everything else is quiet--- no baseball, little hockey news and all the summer sports on the wane---- and there are still columns of sport copy that must find its way to the printers?"

While not attempting to pass along any startling information to brilliant scholastic minds, Calgary students know most of the answers, Calgary's high school football language is new with every line that has never been written about it.

One of the main factors in the steady improvement of the school gridiron, something that has brought the best features of the game to the fore, has been the active part that member of the Bronks have taken in the coaching of high school teams.

Men who formerly played for Santa Clara Wash. State, Oregon U., North Dakota U., and other American Universities under some of the best coaches in the game are imparting their knowledge to Calgary players. They have a better background in the fundamentals of football than high school griders of a few years back and the results of good coaching have been very evident when ever school teams meet at Mewata Park.

Football is a game that can excite the imagination and therefore has a greater appeal to onlookers and readers. The game can come closer to a spectacle with more consistency than any other game

By Bob Mamini

HOCKEY PRACTICES

Senior hockey practices have not started as yet because of the condition of the ice but as soon as the weather permits practices will start at the Community Rink. Material looks very promising this year as we have many of last years stars with much new talent with Mr. Steckles coaching we should be able to put up a tough battle against Western, the defending champions.

BASKETBALL

FIRST TEAM BASKETBALL:

"First team or no first team?" - the big question being asked by the senior boy's during the past few weeks. It all started when it was decided that interscholastic basketball should be dropped and replaced by a more extensive house league. The question was finally settled and for this year, at least C.H.C.I will enter a first team in the interscholastic league.

The team to all appearances should be a credit to the school. The team has been chosen by Mr. Steckle and from now on practice will be limited to the first team only, these will include : Dean Morgan, Joe Altilio, Niel Cameron and Rory MacLennan at guard positions. The forwards will include Herb. Carlson, Bert. Paxton and Allen Cook. The three remaining positions are not yet filled but will be definitely announced next practice.

HOUSE LEAGUE BASKETBALL

TEAM	G	W	L	PTS
RANKIN	3	3	0	6
CAMERON	3	3	0	6
DEWART	3	2	1	4
DENN	3	2	1	4
INGRAM	3	2	1	4
PILKINGTON	3	1	2	2
TARVIS	3	1	2	2
MOORE	3	0	3	0

REFEREES BERT PAXTON & ALLAN COOK

TIME KEEPER GORDON WELCH

THE BUGLE WISHES YOU
MERRY CHRISTMAS
--- AND --- INVITES YOU TO THE
BUGLE DANCE

DEC 23

DID YOU KNOW?

That for every 98 women in Canada there are 100 men? Sounds interesting doesn't it, girls.

That it is rumored that Johnnie Burt will let you feel his moustache for the charge of 1¢?

That Jim Leaman, the genial editor of the 'Bugle' had a photograph of his accepted by 'Look' the famous pictorial magazine? If, by any chance you see a picture of Lake Louise in any future editions, think of Jim and his camera.

That one of the rooms in the school must be a paradise for gum-chewers? In one desk no less than eleven empty 5¢ packages of chewing gum were found, as well as about ten 1¢ packages. For your information, the flavor preferred was Wild Cherry.

That it seems odd that all the tests come at once? After a lull of about two weeks, every teacher seems to decide that it is time for an exam, and we have about eight in three days. - oh well, the turkey will make us forget that.

That Jack Nazar and his famous lemon seem to be a syndicated feature of western newspapers? The Edmonton Journal published his picture in its pictorial page. Watch the birdie, Mr. Nazar!

SEE YOU
AT THE BUGLE
DANCE

(continued from page 9)

I could see a shimmering white figure in the door. Evidently a very plain ghost with no adornments like my previous visitor. Quickly I stood up.

"G-go away," I said feigning fright.

Unless I mistook myself I heard the ghost snicker. Then it began to give a few low howls like an owl with dyspepsia.

"Pup-pup-please," I pleaded, "I ain't done nothin'!"

Looking more frightened than ever I began to retreat hurrily. The ghost advanced, and then thinking better of it, swooped back to the door. After a few more frowls and howls, it disappeared, courteously closing the door behind it.

I was quite pleased with myself. My good deed for the day had been done. Young David Halliday could now retire to the Valhalla of good ghosts and I could get down to dinner. My wrist-watch showed five to seven. There was just time.

With a feeling of modest complacency, somewhat as the Good Samaritan must have felt, I opened the door. Soembody was whispering along the corridor. For some reason, instead of stepping out into the hall, I peeped around the door. Three men, one of whom was Jenkins, were standing in the corridor. They were chuckling and patting one another on the back. What held my interest most, though, was that Jenkins was partly arrayed in a white sheet in which eyeholes had been cut.

"Wonderful, old man," grinned one of the men. "Couldn't have done better myself. He wont be able to deny it, when we tell the others, now."

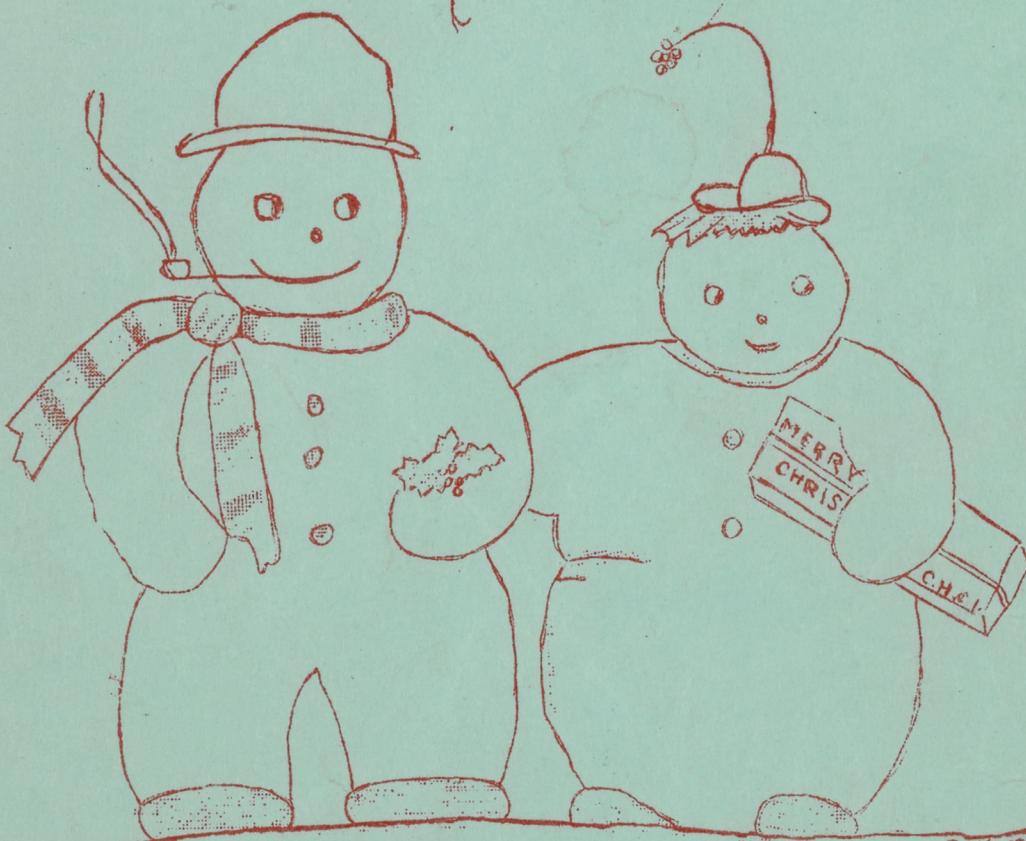
I stumbled into my room, and with fumbling fingers began to pack. Five minutes later I had reached the station under my own steam and was waiting for the next train, passenger, or freight!

SENTENIA POPULORUM

WHAT THE PUBLIC SCHOOL STUDENT THINKS	WHAT THE FRESHMAN THINKS	WHAT THE JUNIOR THINKS	WHAT THE SENIOR THINKS
That teachers are perfect	That teachers make mistakes	That teachers make human mistakes	That teachers make inhuman mistakes
That girls are blessed creatures sent from heaven	That girls are blessed creatures - perhaps from heaven	That girls are blessed	That girls are blessed nuisances
That work is fun	That work is necessary	That work is evil	That work is a necessary evil, more evil than necessary
(Too young for opinion)	(Still too young)	That cigarettes are something which should be smoked	That cigarettes are something which you borrow and then smoke
That blondes are pretty	That blondes are awful	That blondes are cute	That blondes are pretty awful, but cute
That a Freshman is perfect	That a Junior is perfect	That a Senior is perfect	That he is the one who is perfect - the only one
That the Siren is wonderful	That the Siren is O.K. (I guess)	That the Siren is punk	That the Siren is the Acme of (censured)
That he knows everything about girls	That he knows everything about girls	That he knows everything about girls	That he knows everything about girls
That detentions are a form of school entertainment	That detentions are something to beare inevitable dreaded	That detentions	That detentions - well they never have them any more
(Never heard of skipping)	That skipping periods is an act of extreme bravery	That skipping periods is an act of the young and foolish	A Senior skip - no never!
That Frats. are divine	That Frats. are fun	That Frats. are expensive fun	That Frats. are a darn expense
That C.H.C.I. is a hous for very wise people	That C.H.C.I. is a house to make people very wise	That C.H.C.I. is a house for people	That C.H.C.I. is a nut-house



Greetings!



E. Hanna



Howdy.

Christmas 1938